

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 30s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.
[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 48—No. 18.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is announced with much pleasure that arrangements have been entered into with the Sacred Harmonic Society for a

GRAND OPENING MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
On SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1870,

Conductor **SIR MICHAEL COSTA.**

The First Portion of this Great Musical Festival (only possible on the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace) will comprise the First Part of Mendelssohn's Oratorio,

"ELIJAH."

The Second Portion will consist of a Miscellaneous Selection, including the National Anthem, which will be sung at the conclusion of the Performance.

Principal Vocalists:—Madame SINICO, Madame MONBELL, Madame TREBELL-BETTINI, Mr. VERNON RIGBY, Mr. SANTLEY.

The Orchestra will comprise the Two Thousand Members of the London Handel Festival Choir, other Choral bodies, the Orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and that of the Crystal Palace Company, with many other Professors and Amateurs of the first rank, comprising in the whole

UPWARDS OF THREE THOUSAND PERFORMERS.

Admission by Tickets purchased before the day, Five Shillings; by payment on the day, Seven Shillings and Sixpence. Guinea Season Tickets Free. Numbered Stalls, lettered in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Five Shillings each, at the Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall; also, up to Friday next, with the New May Guinea Season Ticket; may also be had at the Palace, and at 2, Exeter Hall, and of the usual Agents.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clow, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Paley, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Prose & Co., 48, Cheapside; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, REGENT STREET—TUESDAY, May 3rd, 1870.—SIGNORINA EMILY TATE respectfully announces that she will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** of Vocal and Instrumental Music at the above Hall, on TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, 1870, under the special patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart. Signorina Emily Tate has recently had the honour of performing before H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and family, His Majesty the Emperor of Russia and family, Her Imperial Highness the Princess Dagmar, His Highness the Prince Hassan of Egypt, &c. Vocalists: Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Amy Strangeways, Signora Mocca, Mr. Alfred Baylis, and Signor Penna. Pianoforte, Signorina Emily Tate; violin, Signorina De Bono; violoncello, Herr Schubert. Conductors—Mr. Francesco Berger, Herr Schubert, and Signor Deostella.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony front seats, 3s.; admission One Shilling. Tickets to be had at St. George's Hall; at the principal Musiciansellers; and of Signorina Emily Tate, 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park. The Concert to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S SIXTH ANNUAL CONCERT, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 11th, Half-past Eight. Tickets, Five Shillings. Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Mr. de Fontanier, Mr. Alasworth. A Choir of Male Voices will sing Liszt's "Soldaten-Lied" (Faust), "Chorus of Knights" (Lohengrin), "Pilgrims' chorus" (Tannhäuser), Wagner. The Programme will be selected from the compositions of Chopin, Liszt, Deichmann, Wagner, Glinka, Hattori, Berlioz, and Schubert. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street, and at the Rooms.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—On SATURDAY EVENING, May 7th, 1870, a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will be given as a Complimentary Benefit to Mr. T. H. SEVERN, Professor of Music, composer of "The Spirit of the Shell," etc., who is, and has been for months past, in a helpless state from severe attacks of Rheumatic Fever and Gout. Miss Banks, Miss Dalmaine, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Ferrari, and Miss Marion Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Winn. Pianoforte—Herr Fauer and Herr Heinicke. Harp—Mr. J. Balair Chatterton (Harapist to Her Majesty the Queen) and Mr. J. Thomas (Pencroft Gwalia). The Part Songs, etc., will be sung by the Canonbury Vocal Union, conducted by Mr. W. H. Monk (of King's College, London). At the Pianoforte, Mr. H. R. Evers. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or Three for One Guinea. Lamborn Cock & Co., 62 & 63, New Bond Street, and of Mr. Montague Severn, 24, Lyme Street, Camden Town, N.W.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (SATURDAY), April 30th, will be performed, for the First Time on the Italian Stage, Carl Maria Von Weber's Operetta, in one act, "ABU HASSAN." The Libretto translated by Signor Marchesi, and the dialogue set to recitative by Signor Arditi, expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Hassan, Madame Trebell-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califo, Signor Raguer; Messur, Signor Trevero; Zemred, Mdme. Corsi; Zobaida, Mdle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbell. To be followed by Mozart's posthumous Opera-Buffera, in two acts, "L'OCIA DEL CAIRO" (first time in England). The poem adapted by M. Victor Wilder. The Italian translation by Signor Zeffira; the dialogue set to "recitative-parlante" by Signor Bottesini. Fabrizio, Signor Gardoni; Don Beltramo, Signor Gassier; Pasquale, Signor Trevero; Lo Schiavo, Mr. Lyall; Giacinta, Madame Corsi; Oretta, Madame Sinico; and Isabella, Mdle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance). Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, May 2, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zeboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Cherubino, Madame Monbell; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Susanna, Madame Sinico; and La Contessa, Mdle. Reboux. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 3, Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolpho, Signor Verger; Alessio, Signor Zeboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archetti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdle. Ilma di Murska.

Acting Manager MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT

BRITAIN (Instituted in 1738, incorporated in 1789), for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Little Street, Leicester Square, W. Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.—THE ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S ORATORIO, the "MESSIAH," will take place on FRIDAY EVENING, the 6th of May, 1870, at St. James's Hall, to commence at Eight o'clock. Principal violin—Mr. J. T. Willy. Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper. Organist—Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins (Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen). Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Balcony, 5s.; Area or Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be had of all the principal Musiciansellers; and of Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—LAST THREE NIGHTS.

—HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings next, at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musiciansellers, and at the Rooms.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a **RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, consisting of Selections from the works of Chopin and Haendel, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME MOURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHORIS, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms. ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MADemoiselle FLORA CRIVELLI (Pupil of Madame Laura Baxter) is OPEN to an ENGAGEMENT as Principal Soprano in a Choir on Sundays, either for a Church or Chapel. All communications to be addressed to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.—Wanted, a SITUATION in a Pianoforte Establishment, by a Young Lady of good Address. A brilliant Pianist. Address, A. W., 49, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.

MR. GEORGE FORBES will play his "VALE DE CONCERT," at Clapham on Tuesday, May 3rd. "Striking, melodious, and effective."—*Standard*.—Duff & Stewart.

MADAME D'ELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

LA SIGNORINA EMILY TATE will play ASCHER's popular romance, "ALICE," MENDELSSOHN's ANDANTE CAPRICCIOSO, and MENDELSSOHN's "RIVULET," at her concert, at St. George's Hall, May 3rd.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER's brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER's popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and **MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing NICOLAI's admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S NEW MUSIC.—HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANO. 75th edition, 70 large folio pages, 4s. Also 129th edition of Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music. Free by post for 13 stamps.

NEW COMIC SONG, "THE THREE LITTLE PIGS," By A. S. GATTRY. Illustrated title. Free by post for 19 stamps.

THE PIANIST'S LIBRARY. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 19 Books.

THE STUDENT'S PRACTICE for the PIANOFORTE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 37 Books.

THE CLASSICAL PIANIST. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 36 Books. A Catalogue Thematique may be had of all the three series on application (post free) to Messrs. ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, London, and all Music-sellers.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA (IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA (IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

* Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT'S NEW HARMONIUM WORK.

SECULAR AND SACRED MELODIES

ARRANGED FOR THE

HARMONIUM OR CHAMBER ORGAN.

Containing Fifty Admired Subjects, by W. S. Bennett, Beethoven, Bellini, Bishop, Blumenthal, W. H. Callcott, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Crotch, Miss Davis, Himmel, Handel, Horsley, Hullah, Knight, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Schumann, Schubert, Shield, Verdi, Weber. English Melodies, Scotch Melodies, German Melodies, Irish Melodies, Russian Melodies.

— "A dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."—WORDSWORTH.

LONDON: LAMBORN COCK & CO., 62 and 63, NEW BOND STREET.
Price 10s. 6d. Net.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

"**LITTLE WILLIE**," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"**FLY LIKE A BIRD**," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART's new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

MASON & HAMLIN'S GOLD MEDAL CABINET ORGAN. ALWAYS IN TUNE, FOR ALL CLIMATES. Five Thousand Three Hundred and Four Full Reed Organs were Manufactured and Sold in 1869, being Seventeen each working day. Illustrated Books, one stamp.—BARA-VINGTON & SONS, Wholesale Agents, 309, Regent Street.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—NEW STYLES.—Six Octave Nine Stop DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS. Ten Stop Chapel Organs, with Patent Knee Swell, Super-Octave Coupler, and Manual Sub-Bass. Always in Tune. Price lists, one stamp.—BARA-VINGTON & SONS, Wholesale Agents, 309, Regent Street.

BURLESQUE.

Without being in the smallest degree squeamish or prudish in the matter of jokes, it must be urged that the line between admissible and non-admissible subjects for jesting must be drawn somewhere. And if it is to be drawn anywhere, it must surely be drawn at murder. It is, therefore, simply disgusting to learn that some of the French comic papers have been making capital out of the shooting of the unhappy Republican, Noir, manufacturing *jeux-de-mots* out of that miserable catastrophe. To make jokes on such a tragedy is to trifle with the profoundest emotion of which human nature is capable, and to undermine the whole fabric of social morals. What would be said by that mysterious being, public opinion, in this country, if some London journalist were to print his wretched witticisms on some frightful English blood-shedding, we do not pretend to say. In Paris, the only possible palliation for the offence is to be found in the system of depression to which the whole French intellect has so long been subjected. When for generation after generation the only government of which Frenchmen have had experience has been "a despotism tempered with epigrams," as in Russia it used to be "a despotism tempered with assassinations," it can hardly be a matter of surprise that a good many writers should come to hold that all things in heaven and earth are fit subjects for bitter jesting. As we Englishmen have happily but little experience of this gagging of our lips and stifling of our thoughts, we are perhaps hardly fair judges of the effect of a habit of resorting to jokes as the only weapon to save oneself from the last excesses of unscrupulous tyranny.

As it happens, too, there is just now an urgent call for our looking at home in this very matter of unlicensed jokes. We have not yet come to making puns on the last new horrible crime, or to dramatizing the slow poisoning with which some fresh victim of hatred, or jealousy, or avarice is cleared out of a murderer's path. But it needs little penetration to see that the spirit which dictated the Parisian jests about the Auteuil tragedy is very far from being quite dormant in England. Nobody can observe, for instance, the popular mania for stage burlesques, without seeing that the line which ought to mark off certain subjects as forbidden to the joke-maker, is not seldom unscrupulously crossed. The habit of making one's living by turning into a jest every sort of human interest which can yield material for a laugh is utterly perilous and pernicious. There is neither prudishness nor squeamishness in protesting against the habit altogether. The taste for uncontrolled burlesque is as fatal to the cultivation of true wit and humour as it is debasing to the morals and the intellect. It is one of the laziest and lowest of accomplishments to take what is great, good or tragic, and pervert it into an idiotic caricature. Any fool can burlesque what is terrible, or sacred, or profound; just as any fool can enjoy the monstrosities which pass for humour and vivacity in not a few of the London theatres. A good burlesque—that is a witty travesty on a subject which itself borders on the ridiculous—is a far harder thing to write, and is, for the time, a very pleasant piece of fooling. But these shameless scoffings at things which the scoffers are too ignorant or too coarse to understand, are an altogether different affair. And we need have no hesitation in expressing a conviction, that they are degrading at once to those who manufacture them and to those who delight in reading them or in witnessing them.

As a rule it may be taken for granted that all grave realities are unfit for burlesquing. If they are not grave they are, for the most part, either already ridiculous, and therefore cannot be burlesqued, or they are so tame and pointless as to yield no material for turning into ridicule. When they are in themselves ridiculous they are fit subjects for comedy, either comedy proper or farce. And it is one of the consequences of this detestable passion for burlesquing, that it turns away the popular taste from legitimate comedy and farce. An audience that has its natural love for the ridiculous perpetually fed with stupid songs and coarse "break-downs," is utterly incapacitated for relishing genuine satire or fun of any kind whatsoever. Though they may not yet be so hardened to all sense of decency as to enjoy a joke upon the murders of the day, the burlesque-makers are steadily proceeding in blunting that sensibility to those delicate distinctions between the little and the great, the coarse and the refined, the noble and the contemptible, upon which real happiness so largely depends. Theatrical burlesque is, in truth very much akin to that very dangerous weapon, ridicule, when used in religious controversy. Satire in theological polemics, unless most carefully separated from the actual feelings and habits of sincere men and women, however absurd are their opinions, is a most fatal instrument for attacking the errors we may wish to expose. It stings and irritates and maddens the very persons who ought to be conciliated. The satirist may enjoy a momentary triumph; but so far from converting people from their mistaken views, it serves only to prejudice them more firmly than ever against ideas which are propagated with so flagrant a disregard of practical charity. Thus, too, in these stages travesties. The moment any subject which is dear to the heart is thus turned into ridicule, either our whole nature revolts against the outrage, or little by little the moral and intellectual sensibilities are deadened. We begin by laughing at the burlesque of what is dear to others, and end by laughing at what ought to be dear or sacred to ourselves.

Moreover, it is not every fictitious subject which is tolerable in burlesque.

Would a travesty of *Hamlet** or of *King Lear* be endurable to an Englishman or Englishwoman of any refinement or cultivation? To a person thoroughly disgusted at seeing those terrible tragedies exhibited in a series of idiotic burlesqueries, what justification would it be to tell him that such men as Hamlet and Ophelia and Lear and Cordelia never existed? To us they have a real existence of their own, because they are associated with our sense of all that is sweet, and pathetic, and tender, and awful in the intense reality of human life itself. Were it not for the intensity with which our own hearts respond to the pictures that Shakspeare drew, there would be nothing out of which the burlesque-maker could contrive his ugly jesting. Where there is no marked individuality there can be no caricature. Nothing is so difficult to the caricaturist as to awaken the slightest interest in a picture of a thoroughly commonplace face, for there is really nothing in such faces which he can lay hold of and exaggerate. Thus the burlesque manufacturer can make nothing of commonplace poems, or legends, or actual events, and so he longs to lay his unhallowed hands on subjects from which the good feelings of mankind still, to a considerable extent, warn him off. Considering what he has already dared to do, we can well understand how his fingers are now itching to seize the materials which are still forbidden him. He has travestied Walter Scott, who after all does not yield much matter for his purpose. If he could but dare to fly at the highest game, what wonders might he not achieve? And if he is tolerated much longer, we may be satisfied that he will at least try how far an outraged decency will let him go. We shall have all Shakspeare's greatest tragedies and comedies turned into vulgar jests; and the next step will be to copy the shameless Parisian, and make jokes upon the horrible actual crimes.

The old Greek and Roman mythology is, after all, the best of all subjects for stage burlesques. The stories are full of point; the characters are strongly marked; and the religious ideas with which they were once associated have for ages been extinct. How well they yield themselves to travesty was known to a former generation of playgoers, as it is well known to the present generation how stupid they become in incompetent hands. Where is the mythological burlesque of to-day which is comparable to M. Planché's *Olympic Revels* and *Olympic Devils*? But then in those days there were actresses who could sing and act so well that with them the very wildest absurdities were invested with a certain air of grace. Where are such burlesque songsters now? And if we want a non-mythological and non-theatrical burlesque, have we not a burlesque without a fault in the immortal Pickwick and his companions? The *Pickwick Papers* are a pure burlesque. From the great Pickwick downwards, saving Sam Weller, everybody that figures therein is more or less of an idiot. There is no comic or farcical representation of life. It is all rollicking absurdity and impossibility from end to end. Little bits of questionable pathos are here and there interpolated, but they do not mar the effect of the whole, which is more or less idiotic, of the very best and funniest kind of idiocy, from the first chapter to the last. There are many scenes in *Pickwick* which stand towards the realities of life which suggested them, in about the very same relation in which M. Planché's *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, and all his gods and goddesses, stand to the old classical stories where these same personages figure as sober, living realities.

Is there, however, any prospect that the days of burlesque are numbered? He must be a sanguine speculator who could hope for such a consummation, at least for years to come. This year increasing stupidity seems to bring with it no suicidal tendency. Dresses, songs, legs, and breakdowns are still sufficient to float the most execrable cargo of travesty. Dresses, songs, and legs of course we always shall have; together with some sort of boisterous romping of which the breakdown is just now the popular form. But could we not have the dresses, the songs, the legs, and the romps, without the presence of coarse burlesques and stupid plays upon words? The two classes of subjects may be kept separate enough. And if once the very notion of converting serious subjects into an exhibition of tomfoolery were vigorously forbidden, we might hope that play-wrights and managers would devote their attention to the devising and preparing some tolerably artistic framework for the exhibition of the essential elements of the pictorial and muscular drama.

X. Y. Z.

LEIPZIG.—The annual performance of J. S. Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* took place on Good Friday. Herr Julius Rietz conducted, in place of Herr Carl Reinecke, now in London. The vocalists were Mdm. Flinsch, Mdm. Krebs-Michalesi, Herren Wollers and Behr.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, a novelty here, though produced elsewhere seventeen years since—"Eheu fugaces," etc.—was produced at the Stadttheater at the beginning of the month. A great success, of course.—The proposal for building a large opera-house has been laid, strongly recommended by the magistrature, before the Assembly of Town-Delegates. There is every probability of its being favourably received, as sixty-seven of the principal inhabitants have already put their names down for 480,000 of the 596,000 florins, the estimated cost, and the Town possesses funds to make up the remainder.

* More than half a century ago *Hamlet Travestied* (by Mr. Poole) was a popular piece, and surely *Macbeth* and the *Merchant of Venice* (to say nothing of *Medea*, in which the late Mr. Robson figured so conspicuously) must be within the memory of X. Y. Z.—Ed. M. W.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The manager of this establishment seems resolved not to be out-done in activity. Since *Rigoletto*, which was given on the opening night, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed on Monday, three operas have been produced, and two singers of high pretensions have made their first appearance.

Madame Monbelli, for whose *début* the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was selected, was favourably known last year at St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere as a concert singer; and one of those pieces in which she earned most applause was precisely "Una voce poco fa," the well-known soliloquy of Rossini's wideawake heroine. That Madame Monbelli is a singer of exceptional attainments is unquestionable, and that the florid music given to Rosina should come readily within her means is only what was anticipated. Her appearance, too, is greatly in her favour, and the genuine Spanish costume in which she was attired the other night thoroughly became her. The whole of her music was executed in a manner little short of perfection—the "Una voce," with the somewhat over-wrought embellishments to the second verse of the *cabaletta* ("ma si me toccano," &c.) in a style with which we were already acquainted, and the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," the last movement of which was embellished with equal profusion (Poor Rossini!—as if he did not write music florid enough) equally well. In the lesson scene Madame Monbelli introduced a Spanish air, "Juanita," composed by Señor Iradier, of no great merit, and not at all effective. But the poorness of the composition was condoned by the excellence of the singing. To turn to the other side of the picture—Madame Monbelli has, at present, no pretensions whatever to be called an actress; and, if it is her intention to continue permanently on the stage, she must devote some serious thought to this phase of her art. That the Italian lyric stage has, time out of mind, been a model for dramatic singers is an oft-told truth; and, refined a singer as she is, Madame Monbelli can hardly look for general acceptance until she has acquired something also of the mimic art. She was warmly if not enthusiastically received. About the other characters little need be said. Signor Bettini's Almaviva is well known to our London audiences as a careful and musicianly performance. He sings the opening movement of the serenade, "Ecco ridente il cielo," with great taste, and the *allegro* with remarkable fluency. In the *finale* to the first act, moreover, where the Count feigns drunkenness in order to deceive Dr. Bartolo, he would be dramatically, no less than vocally, unimpeachable, but for the too frequent application of the flat of his sword to the backs of a number of unoffending individuals—an exhibition of frolicsomeness somewhat at variance with the general idea we have been taught to entertain of an Andalusian nobleman. Signor Castelli, who played Bartolo, was, some years ago, a member of the *opera buffa* company at the St. James's Theatre. His humour is not pungent, nor does he otherwise excel as a comic actor, but he has a good voice, sings like a musician, and, on the whole, makes an acceptably agreeable character of Rosina's jealous guardian. Signor Gassier's Figaro, now that Ronconi has left us, is perhaps the best—certainly the most active, bustling, and genial—on the Italian stage. Signor Foli represents the intriguing music master, Don Basilio, under the covering of a hat of dimensions more enormous even than ordinary; but it cannot be said of him, as it has been said of one or two other Basilio—*castor et præterea nihil*—inasmuch as he sings the fine air, "La Calunnia," with wonderful spirit, and is very good in the quintet of the second act, containing the famous sequel, "Buona sera, mio Signore." The performance of Rossini's comic masterpiece, from the overture to the end, in so far as the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Arditi, were concerned, left nothing to be desired.

M. Gounod's *Faust* was the opera chosen for the first appearance of Mdle. Reboux—who may be remembered, some years ago, as playing a small part in the same composer's *Mirella*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Mapleson directed the fortunes of that time-honoured establishment. Since then Mdle. Reboux has aimed higher, and become a genuine dramatic singer. In fact, this lady excels in the dramatic department of her art just as Madame Monbelli does in the vocal: so that, if the two talents could be combined in one, we should have something like a perfect artist. Mdle. Reboux's conception of the character of Marguerite is unexceptionable from one end to the other; and every dramatic situation of importance is brought out by her with singular power. Not to bore our readers with a hundredth description of an opera the extraordinary vogue of which is still, to many, an enigma, we would especially point to the scene of the death of Valentine, and the closing scene of the prison—in both of which Mdle. Reboux was alike forcible and impressive. Though somewhat too robust in frame to look the ideal Marguerite, all physical disproportions are forgotten in the deep intelligence and intense earnestness of her acting. This earnestness is equally a characteristic of the singing of Mdle. Reboux; but the voice appears somewhat worn, is not always under control, and, wherever passages of force are demanded, is terribly

afflicted with that so-oft cited "*vibrato*"—which, as we have more than once observed, is not so much what many seem to think, a voice of taste, as an ineradicable defect, the result of a mistaken method long indulged in. But though Mdle. Reboux's singing was by no means on a par with her acting, it exhibited many fine points. Her least satisfactory achievement was the so-called "*Air des bijoux*," which lies too high for her voice—a genuine mezzo soprano. Her most successful efforts were the ballad of the "King of Thule," sung by Marguerite at the spinning wheel, the prayer in the Cathedral, and the last *finale*, where the closing phrase, delivered each time in succession on a higher part of the scale, was each time given with remarkable power and intensity. We shall be glad to have another occasion of hearing Mdle. Reboux, who is evidently too conscientious and aspiring an artist to be summarily judged of after a single experience. Signor Gardoni was Faust—Signor Mario alone accepted, now by far the best Faust on the Italian stage. Never was this excellent and deservedly popular artist singing better than at the present time. His "*Salve dimora*" (violin *obbligato*, Herr Straus) was perfect. The Mephistophiles of Signor Gassier, the Valentine of Mr. Santley, and the Siebel of Madame Trebelli-Bettini are too familiar to the operating public to require description. In the song about "Gold," and the Serenade to Marguerite, Signor Gassier displayed all his well-known point and spirit; Mr. Santley was as impressive and masterly as ever in the scene of Valentine's death; and Madame Trebelli was compelled to repeat both her songs—which, considering the manner in which they were given, caused no surprise. The new chorus, gathered from all parts, had ample opportunity of distinction in the second, third, and fourth acts of *Faust*, and the result was eminently satisfactory. The orchestra, by this time, could easily play the opera, from end to end, without book.

Il Flauto Magico was given on Saturday night. The operas performed during the week have been *Faust* (Monday); *Rigoletto* (Tuesday); and the *Nozze di Figaro* (Thursday). Weber's *Abou Hassan*, followed by Mozart's *Oca del Cairo*—both for the first time on the Italian stage, and with a new singer, Mdle. Pauline Lewitzky, in the last-mentioned, are announced for to-night.

The Princess of Trebizonde.

Every drama has its origin in some other drama, tale, or simple anecdote. If *School* is derived from *Aschenbrödel*, *Aschenbrödel* proceeds from *Cinderella*, and *Cinderella* from the story of Rhodopis, whose remarkably small sandal was carried away by an eagle to the King of Egypt, who swore to make the owner his wife. Dramas, the plot of which cannot be traced to one source in particular, are usually composed of materials borrowed from several sources in common. Not that it matters; for, without undervaluing invention, we may say that new combination is equivalent to new creation. The *Princess of Trebizonde* is an example of a play, novel in itself, in which ideas, characters, and incidents are to be found that have served half a dozen dramatic works of various kinds. There is the burlesque comedy, *Les Saltimbanques*, for instance, in which Bilboquet, like Cabriolo, his successor, is chief of a company of strolling acrobats; and Zéphirine, like Zanetta in the *Princess of Trebizonde*, inspires a young man of position with an ungovernable passion. The Zanetta of the *Princess of Trebizonde* is first seen by her admirer as a wax figure. The image of the Princess having lost a nose, Zanetta has agreed to replace the mutilated simulacrum; and the Prince, her lover, is as astonished as the lover in *Les Pantins de Violette* to find that his beautiful doll opens and shuts her eyes, performs automatic movements, and utters phrases expressive of affection. The scene in which the supposed wax figure gives signs of animation may be compared to a scene in M. Victor Massé's *Galathée*. The suddenly enriched mountebank (he has won a prize in the lottery) cultivates his acrobatic tastes in the midst of his new splendour much as the retired ballet-master, represented by Bouffé in a piece of which we forget the name, gives practical proof, under exhilarating circumstances, that he has not forgotten the occupation of his life. Then Dr. Sparadrap, the young Prince's tutor, who is to have a pension and postmastership if his pupil forms no attachment up to the time of marriage, a pension without a postmastership if he escapes with a passing flirtation, and kicks without halfpence if he takes to "the indiscriminate pursuit of female society," is a sort of Dr. Pangloss. Other resemblances might be pointed out; but though it presents no one original feature of its own, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is sufficiently original. The materials of which this dramatic salad is composed are familiar enough; but they have been combined in a novel manner, and served up with a musical dressing both new and piquant.

Not that we intend to go into ecstasies about M. Offenbach. He has written one work the memory of which will live long after the work itself, and, above all, the music of the work, shall have been forgotten. We mean the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, the tunes of which form the true historic musical accompaniment to the Paris Exhibition of 1867; as the "Marseillaise" is the musical accompaniment to the first French Revolution; "La Parisienne" to the second; "Mourir pour la patrie" to the third; "Partant pour la Syrie" to the first and second French Empires. The piece, though only a

burlesque, possesses as much merit, and of about the same sort, as Kotzebue's *Little Town*. It presents a picture, in broad caricature, of a petty despotic court, such as Stendhal, with finer brush and more delicate colours, has painted in his *Chartreuse de Parme*. Probably no one saw so much fun in it as Count Bismarck, Baron Beust, and Prince Gortchakoff—above all Prince Gortchakoff; and it is in connection with the visit to Paris made by these Ministers and their masters in the Exhibition year of 1867 that the *Grand Duchess* will be remembered. But thanks to the libretto by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, thanks also to Mlle. Schneider, it is the most remarkable of the Offenbachian productions; and in examining any new work of the master of burlesque, we naturally try it by this test:—how much inferior is it to the *Grand Duchess*?

As a piece, then, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is much inferior to the *Grand Duchess*, which, among other merits, possesses that of originality at first hand. There are passages in the life of Catherine of Russia which may have suggested it; but the subject, in the literature of imagination, was virgin when MM. Meilhac and Halévy took hold of it. The music of the *Princess of Trebizonde* contains effective pieces, and some of the airs are lively. Zanetta's *rondo*, "The lawful wife of Rustum," and the Page's song have already been made the subject of pianoforte fantasias by Mr. Brinley Richards. Of course, too, the manufacturers of dance music have been at the score, picking out all available motives for waltzes and quadrilles (polkas are out of fashion). There is a new vocal effect in the choral refrain to Zanetta's *rondo*, which is perhaps intended to be sung to the last degree *pianissimo* (*pppp*), like one of the passages in Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, but, as a matter of fact, is whispered. A little more and M. Offenbach would be accused of stealing an idea from M. Hervé, whose "mutes of the seraglio," in *Les Turcs*, have a chorus in which they do not sing at all. The toothache song is another curiosity, though the toothache has long been known as an excruciatingly funny subject.

Why, in conclusion, does the author of the play-bills and of the advertisements in the newspapers describe this *opéra bouffe*, or burlesque opera, as a "comic opera-drama"? "Comedy-drama" means, we believe, a "serious comedy," or one of those works in the mixed style cultivated by M. Sardou, which are comedy at the beginning, drama at the end. M. Sardou, however, being a candidate for Academical honours, takes good care not to call his half-comic, half-serious productions, "comedy-dramas." What "opera-drama" as distinct from "opera" means, we cannot conceive. A "comic opera-drama" ought to signify a "comedy-drama" set to music. In any case there is, we will not say too much drama, but certainly too much spoken dialogue in the *Princess of Trebizonde*. The musical pieces are too far apart, the intervals of talk being practically (owing to the slower delivery of our actors) much longer in the English than in the French version. Contrary to the general rule, the adapter, that accomplished scholar, wit, and humorist, Mr. C. L. Kenney, has been quite as successful with his verse as with his prose; the prose of the English piece is very good, but the verse is excellent. For a double reason, then, it is to the singing, even more than to the talking, that this clever burlesque-opera must owe its success.

Shaver Silber.

DE BERIOT.

Charles Auguste de Beriot, born at Louvain, the 20th February, 1802; died at Brussels, the 8th April 1870, was descended from an old and highly esteemed family.* Having been left an orphan when he was nine years old, he found, in M. Tivy,† a professor of music, at Brussels, a guardian and a second father, as well as a master, who exerted himself zealously to develop the boy's aptitude for music. He had attained a certain degree of skill upon the violin, his progress having been so rapid that he was able to perform publicly Viotti's Concerto in A minor (letter H), before he was nine years old, exciting thereby the admiration of his countrymen. Nature had endowed him with a most delicate ear for correctness of intonation, and this was combined in his playing with naturally elegant taste. Being, moreover, of a meditative turn, and finding in those around him no model whom he could imitate, he sought in himself the principle of the Beautiful, of which he could have no notions save those due to the spontaneous action of his own individuality. This is, perhaps, the proper place for investigating the causes which gave rise to the report bruited about, that De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. This fact, accredited by the author of *L'Enseignement universel*, and by the declarations of De Beriot himself, needs some little explanation. The general attention of the inhabitants of Belgium had been, for some years, directed to the results, which appeared to have been obtained by Jacotot's method; the progress made by those who studied it was said to be something marvellous in every branch of learning. De Beriot determined to see what advantage he could derive for his purposes from the practice of it. He had some interviews with the inventor, but scarcely learned more than two things, namely: that perseverance triumphs over all obstacles, and that, generally speaking, men are not

sincere in their determination to do all they can. The young artist felt the full force of these propositions, which his intelligence perceived how to turn to account. Such is the way in which De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. He could not have been so in any other fashion, for it is not sure that Jacotot could have decided whether the violinist played in tune or not. However this may be, a fortunate moral and physical organization, an education well begun, and the most carefully regulated exertion, were not long before they rendered De Beriot a highly talented artist, who merely wanted to be brought into contact with talented men in other lines, in order to obtain finish; introduce a proper co-ordination in his efforts; and enable him to acquire a character of originality.

De Beriot was nineteen when he quitted his native city and went to Paris, where he arrived about the commencement of the year 1821. The first thing he did was to play before Viotti, then director of the Opera. After listening to him attentively, the celebrated artist said: "You have a fine style; exert yourself to improve it; hear all men of talent; profit by everything, and imitate nothing." This advice seemed to suggest his having no master; but De Beriot thought he ought to take lessons of De Baillet, and, for this purpose, entered the Conservatory. But he was not long before perceiving that his talent possessed a peculiar character of its own, which could with difficulty be modified, except at the price of its originality. He remained, therefore, only a few months in the classes of the Conservatory. He returned to his own private direction, and soon afterwards played, with brilliant success, at a few concerts. His first *Airs variés*, compositions, full of grace and novelty, were published, and increased his incipient reputation. His way of performing them added an inexpressible charm. All those he published constituted for a long period the usual repertory of a great many violinists.

After shining in Paris, De Beriot proceeded to England, where he found a no less brilliant reception, especially during his subsequent visits. In London and some other cities of Great Britain, he gave concerts at which his fine talent was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being repeatedly engaged at the Philharmonic Concerts, he was engaged moreover for some of the musical festivals given annually in the principal English towns. On his return, already possessing a brilliant reputation, to his own country, he was presented to King William I., who, though caring little for music, felt the necessity of ensuring the independence of a young artist who promised to prove an honour to his native land. He bestowed on him, therefore, a pension of 2,000 florins, and the title of first solo violinist in his own private band. The Revolution of 1830 deprived De Beriot of these advantages.*

From the moment that the artist's talent began to show itself, it went on developing itself; on attaining maturity, it was distinguished by a combination of the most precious qualities, namely: a most beautiful tone; invariable correctness, a quality in which Lafont was his only rival; unusual elegance of taste; a personal style; and, finally, a certain charm, in which he was never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by any one. Critics, who never forfeit their rights, formerly reproached De Beriot with combining a slight degree of coldness with his purity; their criticisms were useful to him, for warmth and vigorous bowing became no less remarkable in his play than correctness and taste. Complaints were also made that, restricting the flight of his talent to composing and executing *Airs variés*, he confined himself within too narrow limits; he cleared himself, also, from this reproach, by composing concertos which he played at various concerts, and in which he exhibited conception and execution on a grander scale than previously. Having been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels in 1845, he composed his later concertos for his pupils, throwing into each of them charming ideas and touches, as remarkable for their elegance as for their brilliancy. It has been said that this music, so favourable to the talent of those who execute it, is much less difficult than it appears. I do not know whether this observation is to be considered a criticism, or whether it is not rather an eulogium. Having become the friend of the celebrated Mme. Malibran, De Beriot travelled with her in Italy, England, and Belgium. In 1835, he became her husband.† The numerous opportunities he enjoyed of hearing this inspired lady appears to have exerted the most happy influence on his talent. At Naples, where he played at a concert in the Teatro San Carlo, he achieved a most enormous success, a thing very rare with the Italians, who being passionately devoted to singing, bestowed, at that period, as a nation, very little attention on instrumental music.

Having permanently taken up his abode at Brussels after the death of Madame Malibran-de-Beriot, he did not appear publicly for several years.‡

* Which did not prevent his setting to music "La Marche des Belges," "a patriotic song, words by Boquet, dedicated to the brave defenders of liberty." De Beriot discreetly kept in the shade this act of his life, an act to which he was indebted for the Iron Cross, that he never wore.—*Ed. Guide Musical*.

† There was one child by this marriage: M. Charles Wilfried de Beriot, a talented pianist, at present established in Paris. By his second marriage, with a sister of Thalberg, De Beriot had one son, an officer in the Belgian army, who died some years since.—*Ed. Guide Musical*.

‡ Or, more accurately, eighteen months. De Beriot made his re-appearance in public on the 15th December, 1837, at the concert of the Philanthropic Society of Brussels, on which occasion two medals were struck off, one being for the illustrious violinist, and the other for his sister-in-law, Mlle. Pauline Garcia (Madame Viardot), who then made her *début* in a career which she afterwards pursued with such brilliant results. The two subsequently joined in a tour through the Belgian provinces and Germany, and, on the 15th December, 1838, the anniversary of the concert at Brussels, they played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.

* By a royal decree of the 16th April, 1853, his claim to belong to the aristocracy was formally acknowledged. His arms were: "D'or à trois têtes de renard de gueules.—Cimier: une tête de renard de l'écu."—*Ed. Guide Musical*.

† Jean François Tivy, born at Feluy (Hainault), the 25th April, 1772; died at Louvain, the 14th December, 1844.—*Ibid.*

In 1840, however, he made a tour in Germany, stopping some time at Vienna, where he gave concerts. Unfavourable changes in his health, changes recurring at various periods, at length caused him to take the resolution of playing no more in public, though his talent was still in its full power. He no longer played except to his pupils, and some few privileged friends, who still admired the fulness and the charm of his style. Unfortunately, some more serious shocks to his constitution, at an age which is not one for resisting infirmity, obliged him, in 1852, to resign his post as professor. Paralysis of the optic nerve had suddenly deprived him of sight, and the hopes he at first entertained of being cured had not been realized.

De Beriot's principal works are: Nine Concertos; "Airs Variés;" Studies; Sonatas and Duets; Trios; a Cantata, executed at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, in April, 1853; &c.

De Beriot's last work, the most important of the productions he wrote at a ripe age, is his *Méthode de violon en trois parties*, Paris, 1858, one vol., large 4to. The first part contains the elements and treats of the positions; the second contains the theory of bowing, and its various applications; we find in it also instructions relating to harmonics. The third part treats of style. Each of the parts contains an ample collection of studies to enable the student to carry out the precepts.

De Beriot was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and of the Musical Academy of Rome; Officer of the Order of Leopold; Knight of the Iron Cross; of the Oak Crown, of Holland; of Merit of Sax-Coburg, &c.

The solemn funeral service was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th inst., in the parish church of St. Gudule, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, connected mostly with art and literature. The son of the deceased was chief mourner. Among those present on the sad occasion was M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the most illustrious of all the virtuoses reared in the school of the great master; MM. Fétis, director of the Conservatory; Guételet; Ch. Rogier; the Prince de Chimay; Van Sout; the Chevalier L. de Burbure; the Chevalier van Elweyck; Soubre, director of the Liège Conservatory; and P. Benoît, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; MM. Dupont, Dumon, Blaes, Ad. Samuel, Bosselet, Artôt, Duhem, Guéhus, B. Fauconier, Mailly, and other distinguished artists, both of Brussels and other places.

FROM CORDOVA.

No. III.

Those students of the old Spanish drama who visit Madrid or Seville in the hopes of seeing a performance of some work of Calderon or Lopez de Vega are likely to be still more disappointed than the foreign Anglo-maniac who comes to England to see Shakspeare; for whereas the favourite plays of the "divine Williams" are pretty sure to be played somewhere or other at short intervals, the national Spanish drama seems scarcely to be performed at all. The "Teatro Español" at Madrid, which answers to the Français at Paris, and is supposed to be appropriated to Spanish "legitimacy," is now very successful with a comparatively modern melodrama, entitled *La Aldea de San Lorenzo*; but the Italian Opera, at which Tambril has of late been the principal vocalist, is of all dramatic establishments the most important. Two houses, the "Teatro de Bufo Arderius," and the "Teatro de las Zarguelas," are devoted to *opéra bouffe*, their repertory being sometimes original and sometimes supplemented by the compositions of Offenbach and Hervé. These theatres are very popular, and poets and musicians of Spain are evidently much busied to supply them with pieces. But the curiosity of the performance is that, however the artists may labour to be comical, the audience never express their satisfaction by hearty laughter. You may hear roars of mirth at a bull-fight when a horse is cleverly slaughtered, but less practical jokes do not seem strong enough to move the risible muscles of Iberia. And yet the Spaniards at table or as travelling companions are as vivacious as Frenchmen. The minor theatre (*Teatro de las Variedades*), which I suppose is ordinarily enlivened with light vaudevilles, is, as I have already stated, occupied with representations of the Passion during Lent; and another theatre (*de las Novedades*) invites the public by announcing the performance of a drama of real life entitled *Troppmann*, the various scenes which illustrated the career of that illustrious criminal being carefully enumerated in the advertisements.

At Cordova, as at Madrid and the larger towns, there is a Lenten representation of the Passion; but it is not to be supposed that the plays, though based on the same holy subject, are everywhere the same. At the small Madrid theatre *Los Siete Dolores de Maria* commences with the Presentation in the Temple, and ends with the Descent from the Cross. The play now given at the principal theatre (*Teatro Principal*) of Cordova omits the Presentation and the Flight into Egypt, commencing with the Entrance into Jerusalem, and ending with an act representing the Resurrection, which seems to be an addition to the original work. The business-like announcement at the Cordova Theatre of the last performance of the present season, which is to be held to-night, might perhaps surprise some of your readers. I, therefore, translate it literally:—

"At the request of many persons who were not able to obtain places on the evening of Tuesday last to witness the religious drama which we have presented during Lent, we depart from our firm resolution not to give any more representations; and, although we thus put ourselves to a heavy inconvenience, inasmuch as the preparations for the season of Easter demand an immediate termination of the spectacle, nevertheless, give this last performance, intending that no one shall be deprived of the enjoy-

ment of so magnificent a work, and thus rendering a just tribute of respect to the illustrious public which honours our Coliseum (Coliseo). Sixteenth performance of the grand and magnificent sacred-biblical-religious drama in four acts and in verse, written by Don Antonio Campoamor, with music by Maestro Salazar, entitled " (here comes a woodcut of the Saviour, leaning on the world, with the inscription 'Salvator Mundi') " *The God Man* (El Hombre Dios); or, *the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*, increased with the new scene, entitled 'The Glorious Resurrection.'"

Then comes a list of the subjects of the several acts of which the piece consists. The highest price of admission to the performance is 20 reals (4s.) the lowest 1 real (25c.).

The fact is remarkable that the Spaniards have no regular "bill of the play," either in the separate form, which is adopted in England, or in the shape of an appendage to a theatrical newspaper, as in France. Consequently, there are no means of obtaining an official knowledge of the name of a single performer. The paper which I have translated is merely intended for distribution in reading-rooms, &c. The names of the plays, as in the political papers of France, with perhaps an enumeration of "effects" as an additional incitement, are all that is given to the Spanish public.

The interior of a second-class carriage on a long journey like that from Madrid to Cordova affords a vivid picture of a somewhat rough kind of Spanish life, illustrated by every variety of attire. The peculiarity of costume is its utter absence of uniformity, and those who fancy that the commonly assumed dress of the Spanish peasant will serve as the type of a crowd, just as a blue blouse will serve to typify a French mob, are greatly mistaken. The broad flapping *sombrero*, which your Andalusian is seen to wear on the stage, may indeed be seen, but is the least common of head-dresses. Much more ordinary is the so-called "Alpine hat," of late so familiar to London and Paris. Coats are to be seen of every colour and of every material. Indeed, the only distinctive article of attire that prevails among the lower class of Spaniards is the broad sash about the waist, and even this varies in colour *ad libitum*. But let me remark that, however capriciously the peasant chooses his habiliments, he always contrives to look exceedingly like a brigand, and the little crowds that are met at every country station on the road between Madrid and Cordova are remarkable for the specimens of certain idleness and apparent ferocity which they present. The manner in which your luggage is taken care of when you quit the train looks exceedingly risky. You are shown to the omnibus which takes passengers to the specified hotel, and you give up your luggage-ticket, and, perhaps, also the key of your box, to a rough man who emerges from a mass, and who, to all appearance, would do credit to the band of Captain Rolando. A new sensation arises on the way to the hotel, the driver lashing his mules with fury, and his vehicle rushing through narrow streets just wide enough to allow its passage, so that affrighted pedestrians can only save their lives by rushing into the open doors of the houses. When the hotel is reached a considerable time elapses before the arrival of your luggage, and you begin to reflect upon your condition. The only document which can prove your ownership you have surrendered into the hands of a man whom timid folks would not like to meet in a dark lane, and as to whom you suspect it would be but natural if, instead of bearing the trunk to its appointed place, he appropriated it to his own uses. But the trunk arrives safe, after all, and Lavater is ignominiously refuted.

The middle class of Spaniards seem an easy, life-enjoying set, like the similar order of Parisians, without a tinge of that apparent ferocity which so formidably marks their inferiors. They all understand bull-fighting, which they regard as an innocent recreation to which no one could possibly object, and the arrival of Easter, when the sport will begin in earnest, is anticipated with delight. The stormy politics of the day are likewise playfully discussed, and if a little *émule* has occurred somewhere, with a loss of half a dozen lives, the event is regarded as rather facetious than otherwise. To the tedium of the journey from Madrid to Cordova an agreeable relief is given by the appearance of a trader at one of the immediate stations, who offers for sale a number of formidable daggers, with crimson sheaths, evidently answering the purpose of the American bowie knife. These are freely bought at the small price of a duro (5s.) a piece, and while the purchaser contemplates with satisfaction the broad blade, and tries it on his fingers, a merry soldier perhaps draws his sword, points at one of his fellow-travellers, and flourishes a revolver. But all are in perfect good humour, and the liberality with which cigarettes are given away is amazing.

Cordova, April 9.

BADEN.—The Kiosk Concerts, before the Conversationshaus will this year be better than ever; at least, the Administration have done all they can to render them so. Strengthened by a contingent of solo-performers from the Strassburg Conservatory, the Baden Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Könnemann, will number 60 members. From the 15th August, it will be reinforced by 14 first-rate soloists, headed by Herr Johann Straus, from Vienna, and the said Johann Straus will conduct in place of Herr Könnemann. These 14 soloists will bring the number of the orchestra up to 74. In order that the Promenade Concerts may not be interrupted during the operatic performances at which the above orchestra officiates, Mannsfield's orchestra from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine has been engaged. Thus there will be three orchestras performing, either separately or combined, and, in addition, there will be the Badish Badenish, or Baden (*au gré du lecteur*) military bands of Rastall and Karlsruhe.

AFTERNOON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr. John Boosey gave the first of a new series of ballad concerts in St. James's Hall, on Saturday. There have been evening entertainments of the same kind in plenty, and the director has now wisely resolved upon appealing to the large class whose most convenient time for seeking amusement in central London is the afternoon. We have little doubt that success will reward the enterprise, especially as the programmes, judging by that of Saturday, will be carefully compiled, and the selections performed by competent artists. The singers who appeared were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Madame Bodda-Pyne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Chaplin Henry. Miss Wynne was encored in Molloy's "Old Cottage Clock," but declined the compliment. She was hardly less successful in Virginia Gabriel's "Alone," and Aidé's "Little May," each being given with charming grace and expression. Miss Elton appeared to advantage in "The Land of Long Ago;" Mr. Cummings made a legitimate effect in Madame Sainton-Dolby's excellent song, "I am content," as did Mr. Chaplin Henry in Molloy's "Marching Along." Madame Bodda-Pyne obtained a recall for her characteristic rendering of Benedict's "Skylark." The solo pianist was Chevalier de Kontski, who played in brilliant style two of his own pieces—"Souvenir de Faust" and "Stelluzza." An encore was demanded for each, but granted only to the latter. A "company of mixed voices," led by Mr. Fielding, varied the proceedings with some excellent part-songs, and Mr. J. L. Hatton was conductor. We may add that, unlike ballad concert programmes in general, those of Mr. Boosey are now long enough without being too long.

PROVINCIAL.

HEREFORD.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Amateur Philharmonic Society of this city gave its first concert at the Shire Hall, on Friday the 22nd, when a well varied programme, well performed, attracted a large audience. The concert began with a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, the parts of Acis, Galatea, and Polyphemus, being sung by the Rev. J. Hampton, Miss Leighton, and the Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe. The quality of the tenor voice, the style of the soprano, and the vigour of the bass were excellently displayed in the solos, and particularly effective in that trio of all pastoral trios, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains.' The chorus showed evidence of careful training. The second part was miscellaneous, commencing with a part of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, played most creditably. Mr. Macfarren's part-song, 'You stole my love,' was sung so well that it was encored and responded to. The *largo* and *rondo* from Beethoven's concerto in E flat for the piano were performed by Miss Hogarth in a manner that would have done credit to a professional pianist. Miss Leighton, in the French romance, 'Fleur des Alpes,' elicited an encore, and a similar compliment was paid to a MS. song by Langdon Colborne, sung by Mr. J. Twire. A part song by Signor Pinsuti gave the choir another opportunity of distinction, and the concert terminated with the overture to *Zampa*. The artists from London were Mr. Henry Leslie, conductor; Mr. Henry Blagrove, violin; Mr. Henry W. Goodban, violoncello; and Mr. White, contra basso. Mr. Townshend Smith must look out for his laurels. Mr. Leslie is a fearful competitor in a city populated like Hereford."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

SCHUMANN—BEETHOVEN—WAGNER.

The subjoined remarks are from that very young but deservedly flourishing illustrated weekly, *The Graphic*:—

"Schumann's overture to *Manfred* opened the last Crystal Palace Saturday programme; and was played but indifferently for reasons not obvious. We cannot here discuss the merits and demerits of a work sufficiently well known. Everybody is aware of the diverse opinions it calls forth. Some regard it reverently, as a thing of power and genius; others look at it scornfully as a thing of vain and weak pretence. Meanwhile it is played and people listen in the intervals of their squabbling; which fact contains the germ of a future agreement. The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, it is needless to say, gave unqualified pleasure to the entire audience. About it there are no disputes, and in its presence Schumannite and anti-Schumannite forget their differences, as might two quarrelsome knights in the presence of the Queen of Beauty. The work was charmingly played, and every movement loudly applauded. We have no love for the prelude of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. It aims at producing new orchestral effects, and undoubtedly succeeds in its aim; but the effects themselves are such as few can admire. An irreverent listener on his occasion was heard more than once to mutter the word 'cats' while Herr Wagner's music went on. We will not be hard upon him for his rudeness, the provocation being manifest."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Friday evening, a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place at Woolwich, under the superintendence of Captain Goodenough, in aid of the funds of the Royal Artillery Regimental Charities, when the following amateurs gave their assistance:—Misses Braham, Santos, Sagrini, and Stevens; Messrs. Tietkins, Lionel Benson, and A. Stevens. Miss Braham, in Rode's air, and Yradier's "Mejicana" (guitar accompaniment), being encored, she gave another Spanish song. In Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," Captain Goodenough was good enough; and Miss Sagrini, in Ascher's "Danse Nègre," and "Chant des Nègres," for the piano, displayed considerable talent. All these were deservedly applauded by a large audience.

The Brixton Choral Society gave a performance of *Eljah* last Monday at the Angell Town Institution, for the benefit of their conductor, Mr. William Lemare. The hall was crowded; and the manner in which the arduous choral music in the oratorio was rendered was, in a very high degree, creditable to so youthful a society. The solo music was undertaken by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Adelaide Newton, Mrs. Lucas, Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, and Mr. Renwick, from the mention of whose names it will be gathered that there was no cause for complaint in this direction. Madame Lancia gave a very expressive reading of "Hear ye, Israel;" Miss Newton was no less effective in "O rest in the Lord," an encore for which she declined. Mr. Renwick was very warmly applauded for his emphatic delivery of "Is not His word like a fire?" The tenor music in the first part was sung by Mr. Carter, and that in the second by Mr. Perren, each of whom received a good many plaudits. Mr. John Harrison played the pianoforte, and Mr. F. H. Lemare, the harmonium accompaniments.—W. H. P.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society's third concert took place on Monday, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in E flat (first time) Schumann; Preislied (Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg), Dr. Gunz, Wagner; Concerto in G for Piano-forte, Madame Schumann, Beethoven; Aria, "Voi che sapete" (Nozze di Figaro) Madame Monbelli, Mozart; Overture (Melusine), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Symphony (No. 7) in A. Beethoven; Cavatina, "Bel raggio" (Semiramide), Madame Monbelli, Rossini; Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini.

Schumann's symphony has been played repeatedly at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, with a result on the whole favourable to its pretensions. That it will ever take the high rank claimed for it by the partisans who are ready to swear by the name of its composer we do not believe. The fourth and fifth movements stand in the way. At each performance the audience tacitly reject all that follows the slow movement. Their interest, lively up to that point, flags, and the end of the symphony is a visible relief. There is nothing to wonder at in this, even though Mr. Macfarren, the society's analyst, talks of "deeply solemn harmony" and "singular melodiousness." The characteristics he points out are far from plain; indeed, the common eye sees something very like their opposite. We agree, however, with Mr. Macfarren in his estimate of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto as a "truly perfect work, whose beauty is incessant, and whose interest is unbroken." Madame Schumann's performance was distinguished by even more than customary energy, especially in the *cadenza* (presumably her own), the labour of playing which necessitated exertion of an unwonted kind. It is needless to say that every movement was loudly applauded, and that, at the close, Madame Schumann was recalled. Mendelssohn's beautiful overture was much better played than we anticipated, the difficult wind parts being rendered in a manner nearly approaching perfection. How much pleasure was given, under these circumstances, those who know the overture can imagine. "One of my best," wrote Beethoven, when negotiating for the sale of his symphony in A; and his opinion, contrary to the often-cited precedents furnished by Milton among poets and Handel among musicians, has been ratified by the public. We may spare ourselves comment upon the wealth of beauty revealed in this masterpiece. What amateur does not know all that can be said in its praise, and what can be said in its praise that has not been printed a thousand times? We have heard better performances; though, in justice to the Philharmonic orchestra, it must be said that the work had a spirited and intelligent if not a finished reading. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* fully closed the concert.

Madame Monbelli sang in her usual charming style, and was applauded as only those are whose success is unqualified. Dr. Gunz's air, may be very well in its proper place—the *Meistersinger* and the "future." Nevertheless, Dr. Gunz sang well, and was called back by the Wagnerites present.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 6,
Friday, May 13,
Friday, May 20,
Friday, May 27,

Friday, June 3,
Friday, June 10,
Friday, June 17,
Friday, June 24,

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer. The sonatas for pianoforte *solus* offer as complete an epitome of Beethoven's artistic life as do the string quartets, or the orchestral symphonies. The progress of a great genius, from its early budding to its ripe maturity, could not be more completely illustrated than in these truly wonderful compositions—a striking characteristic of which is that no two of them resemble each other, or have anything in common beyond their unsurpassed excellence. Mr. Hallé will have the honour of playing, with two exceptions, all the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, in strictly chronological order—commencing with the three sonatas, Op. 2 (dedicated to Haydn), and ending with the sonatas in E major, A flat major, and C minor, Ops. 109, 110, 111. The exceptions referred to are the sonatas in G major and G minor, Op. 49, the comparatively trifling character of which unfits them for public performance. For these Mr. Hallé will substitute the *Andante* in F major, originally intended for the grand sonata in C, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), and the 32 Variations on an Original Theme, in C minor.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m. Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE FIRST RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 6TH, 1870,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 1 Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Das Wandern" (Wandering) } — Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. Schubert.
SONATA, Op. 2, No. 2 Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 3 Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Halt" (Stop) Schubert.
{ "Danksgang an den Bach" (Thanksgiving to the Brook) } .. Schubert.
Herr STOCKHAUSEN,
GRAND SONATA, Op. 7 Beethoven.

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.
Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd April, at St. Paul's, Lorrinore Square, by the Rev John Going, vicar, JOHN FREDERICK PAUL, eldest son of OTTO ERNEST GRISCHOW, Esq., of Stettin, Prussia, to CONSTANCE SUSANNA, eldest daughter of ROBERT USHER SNOW, Esq., of 10, Manor Road, Lorrinore Square. No cards.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

OUR FAITH IN MUSIC.

"WE walk by faith and not by sight," wrote St. Paul, who, nevertheless, saw much—we have it on the word of a gentleman and a scholar—denied to ordinary folk. But St. Paul wisely laid down religious dogmas meant to last. He knew there would come an age far remote from that of miracles, when the supernatural could only exist upon the basis of a feeling described as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." We have not to discuss here whether it is right or wrong to be as little children on questions of religion. As a matter of fact, the great majority find it convenient to believe what is told them, and would hardly thank any one for disturbing their quiet and comfortable trust. Let it be remembered, however, that even in religion there is a distinction between faith and credulity. The Bereans—a people of whom Bible readers would otherwise never have heard—saw this distinction, and acted accordingly; enquiring into the new doctrines preached to them, and getting a good word from the preachers (honest men) for their sensible behaviour.* We are not, then, even in matters essentially the objects of faith, to open our ears to all that is told us. "Prove all things," said a high authority, "and hold fast that which is good."

If in religion, still more outside is the practice of taking things upon trust to be avoided. A word of caution with regard to musical credulity, in particular, may be of use just now; and the utterance of that word is our chief object. For provocation, we have only to turn to the last Philharmonic programme, wherein the annotator, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, lays down two propositions of exceeding danger. Here are his words:—

"Every original thinker has some forms of expression peculiar to himself, which are unintelligible to his hearers until familiarity has withdrawn the veil of their novelty. Faith is the only medium through which the works of such a man can at first be estimated. The faith that was denied to Beethoven, denied to Mozart before him, is at present withheld from some of his successors, who, if not his equals, prove their kindred powers by their kindred earnestness."

Let us see what this remarkable utterance contains:—

I. An original thinker is more or less unintelligible;—therefore, he who is unintelligible, is, presumably, an original thinker.

II. The writings of a man who is unintelligible are proper objects of faith—i.e., we must believe in the existence of merits not to be perceived.

III. Anybody with kindred powers to those of Beethoven should be trusted as Beethoven ought to have been trusted.

IV. The existence of kindred powers is shown by kindred earnestness.

Here are two pairs of propositions, each pair involving an absurdity so obvious as to need no pointing out. Admit the first, and we shall all be bowing humbly before the utterers of "dark sayings"—most humbly before him whose sayings are darkest. Admit the second, and we immediately find ourselves in presence of a thousand Beethovens—because to be Beethoven one has only to have Beethoven's earnestness. We may say, therefore, of Mr. Macfarren's propositions that they upset themselves and render any comment on our part superfluous. But the whole matter is instructive, as showing how thoroughly wrong are those who would apply the case of Beethoven to the rhapsodies of "Young Germany." In point of fact, they have only a remote contingency to rest upon;—Beethoven was unintelli-

* The Bereans were an obscure sect of seceders from the Scotch Kirk, who rejected all natural religion, and held unbelief in the plenary inspiration of Scripture to be the unpardonable sin.

gible; so is "Young Germany";—Beethoven was a great master; so may be "Young Germany." But admitting as much, we have to point out a difference which removes this contingency to the farthest possible point. The man who wrote the "Choral Symphony" wrote also the Symphonies in C and D; and he who wrote the "Posthumous Quartets" wrote also the six dedicated to Lobkewitz. From one extreme to the other Beethoven travelled by well-marked stages; and, arriving at the last, he had some right to demand our faith. What has "Young Germany" done of a like kind? Where are its claims upon our belief? Echo answers, "Where;" and this is all the answer we are likely to get. "Young Germany" rushes forward with the unintelligible, and assumes to begin where Beethoven left off. No, Mr. Macfarren; we decline to play the childish game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what Young Germany sends you."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OUR contemporary the *Choir*, and other journals, speak of the approaching performance in Paris of Herr Rubinstein's "new symphony, *The Ocean*." That the work in question was played years since at the Hanover Square Rooms is evidently not among things generally known.

THE death is announced of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, whose labours in the cause of congregational psalmody made his name well known both in England and America. Mr. Havergal was, for 14 years, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, during which time he enjoyed the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Failing health compelled him to withdraw from public labour, and, for some time, he resided at Leamington, where he died. Mr. Havergal will be remembered as the author of several works on psalmody, and as the composer of not a few tunes held in general esteem. To the last he took a lively interest in the progress of sacred music, and may be said to have laid down his pen only with his life.

AMONG the thousands who thronged Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, at the first "special service," it is impossible to say how many were gratified and how many startled, but it is certain that a portion of them felt outraged by the phenomenon of sound issuing from a brazen instrument concealed among the pipes of the organ. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that during the performances of the "Easter Hymn" and "Hallelujah" the tones of the organ were broken in upon by the brayings of a cornet-a-piston. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Turle has so little faith in himself and in his organ as to require the latter to be supplemented by a "popular" wind instrument. We are sorry to nip in the bud this attempt of the Westminster Chapter to emulate the effects of a music-hall; but as the result was a failure, we may be spared a second desecration.

In his "analytical and historical programme" for the last concert of the Philharmonic Society Mr. Macfarren takes up a spear that can only be likened to that of Don Quixote, and rides a hobby only to be compared with Don Quixote's famous "Rozinante" (we will not insult Sancho Panza's Dapple), on behalf of the whole army of new German mystics militant, who build their hopes in the future on the ground that Weber, Spohr, and others did not appreciate Beethoven as he should have been appreciated, while the general public *did*. Apart from the fact that the general public *didn't*, we would suggest that times have changed. Moreover, the story of Beethoven's being not understood by certain musicians of his time being put forward, as an excuse for the arrogant pretensions of late composers who ape Beethoven without a spark of his genius, is simply absurd. For the man who cannot see the difference between Schumann (we name no other) and Beethoven, we are sorry.

ENGLISH opera being extinct (save for one specimen occasionally shown under glass at Sydenham) we may now safely call opera in London an exotic. It comes to us from foreign climes, lives awhile under more or less artificial conditions, and then dies to be

renewed by fresh importations. It has its varying seasons. Now it flourishes and waxes strong; anon it languishes and becomes weak. The present is a season of apparent flourishing and waxing strong. Opera has come upon us like the April heat, and may be classed among phenomena. We have serious opera at Covent Garden; serious opera at Drury Lane; *opéra bouffe* at the Lyceum; *opéra bouffe* at the Gaiety; and an immediate prospect of *opéra bouffe* at the St. James's. This is pretty well for a town which, during many months in the year, cannot support even a revival of *Acis and Galatea*. But the preponderance of *opéra bouffe* over its serious rival signifies movement, because a while ago the opera, *genus* Offenbach, had not been transplanted to where the people "take their pleasure sadly;" and now we have it rampant. Is not the divinity of Offenbachism—we mean Mdlle. Schneider—making triumphal progress through the provinces, and among people the last to be corrupted or improved (which the reader pleases) by change? With regard to this movement we may reasonably ask "Whither?" Only let not those who sympathize with it put any such question to the Muse of serious opera. Imagine the feelings with which that haughty and beautiful lady—confident of her claims upon public affection, if not conscious of the smirches upon her classic robes—regards the rivalry of the pert French minx, who comes in scant attire, with saucy tongue and significant gesture! It is the old story of the lawful wife and the unlawful Anonyma in a new form. Will the Anonyma of opera chain "the town" to the wheels of her pony carriage and drive through "society," mistress of the situation?

TO-DAY is to witness the first performance in Paris of Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia*, under the composer's own direction. The cause, as our readers know, is good; Mdlle. Nilsson having, beforehand, devoted the proceeds to a charitable object, which Mr. Benedict also has at heart. Note, in proof, the following letter, addressed to Baron Taylor, President of the Association des Artistes Musiciens:—

"TO THE PRESIDENT.—A great honour is about to be paid to my little oratorio, *The Legend of St. Cecilia*, an English poem, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, translated into French by M. Tagliafico. The orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opéra are to assist at the farewell performance of Mdlle. Nilsson, fixed to take place on Saturday, the 30th of April: the solos to be supported by MM. Faure, Colin, Madame Gueymard, and Mdlle. Nilsson.

"I feel deeply and recognize as a composer the honour France does to my work. I am also anxious to join with Mdlle. Nilsson in her liberality in offering the proceeds of her benefit to your charitable relief fund for the 'Association des Artistes Musiciens Français,' in presenting the copyright and engraved plates of my score of the *Legend of St. Cecilia*. Perhaps your Philharmonic and Orpheus Societies will take some interest in repeating this little oratorio after the splendid performance which it is sure to have at the Grand Opéra.

"With every sentiment of esteem, I remain, Mr. President, yours, &c.,
"JULES BENEICT.

"London, April 14, 1870."

THE irreconcilable members of the Hanover aristocracy have, since the incorporation of the Kingdom with Prussia, hitherto been in the habit of displaying their sympathies with the dethroned dynasty by pointedly stopping away themselves, and not allowing others to occupy the boxes they rent by the year, at the Festival Performance given in celebration of the birthday of the monarch *de facto*. They have just received a notice from the Intendant informing them that a continuance of this conduct will result in their boxes being taken from them and let to others of less ex-royalist proclivities.

"MODEL performances" of Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Fliegender Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Meistersinger* are, to be given in June, at Weimar, immediately after the Beethoven Festival got up by the General Musical Association of Germany. A Beethoven Festival followed by "model performances"—whatever they may be—of Herr R. Wagner's lucubrations! Among the artists to be engaged expressly for the occasion rumour mentions Mesdames Mallinger, Brandt, Herren Niemann and Betz. It is also said that the Abbate Franz Liszt, to do honour "to his son-in-law in *spe*"—as a German paper terms the Prophet of Lucerne—will conduct one of the said "model performances."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico* Mdlle. Sessi maintained her position, singing both the trying airs allotted to the "Queen of Night" with remarkable ability. They, perhaps, in places, slightly overtax her means, but there is an indomitable energy about this young artist, which seems to show that no impediment which perseverance can surmount will be allowed to stand in her way. She has already won the sympathies of the operatic public, and, it must be admitted, on thoroughly legitimate grounds. About the rest of the performance of Mozart's now happily familiar opera, as played at Covent Garden Theatre, little need be said. That Dr. Gunz possesses all the traditions of Tamino was proved some years ago, when he first assumed the character at Her Majesty's Theatre. One word about the Pamina of Mdlle. Tietjens would be superfluous; nor could the imposing music of the High Priest, Sarastro, have been given to a singer with a voice more rich and sympathetic than that of Signor Bagagiolo. Another novelty in the distribution of parts, however, demands special mention—we refer to the Papageno of Signor Cotogni. Although the comic humour of this ready and clever artist is not superabundant—and in this respect he can no more aspire to be a Ronconi than he can aspire to be Shickneder, Mozart's original Papageno, and author of the libretto—he may justly be complimented on the admirable manner in which he sings the music throughout. Signor Cotogni has evidently studied it *con amore*, as though, instead of an Italian, he had been a true born Teuton. Mdlle. Olma, who made her first appearance in London as Papagena, has a pretty light soprano voice, with which a great deal might, and probably will, be done; but, at present, she is inexperienced and has everything to learn. The parts of the three good genii and the three attendants on the "Queen of Night," to whom Mozart has assigned so much that is of importance in the concerted music, are more than adequately sustained, especially the latter, by Mdlles. Bauermeister, Madigan, and Scalchi. Mr. Crellin, who plays Monostatos, chief of the Slaves, is another new-comer, about whose capabilities we are unable, as yet, to offer an opinion. Other small parts are well filled by Signors Capponi, Marino, and Fallar. Not the least difficulty in an efficient representation of *Il Flauto Magico* is the unusual number of minor characters which have more or less to do with the concerted music; and that these are nearly in every instance in the hands of more or less competent singers speaks well for the strength of the Covent Garden company. How the orchestra plays the overture and all the picturesque and fanciful accompaniments it is unnecessary to say, while the great improvement in the chorus noticed so often last year is just as noticeable now.

On Saturday night Mdlle. Sessi appeared in a fourth character—*La Traviata*—and again gave excellent proofs of the versatility of her talent. Our readers must be pretty well tired of descriptions of this notorious opera, for the sins of which, in a moral sense, some remarkably pretty music, and a very ingenious and admirable *finale* (Act 2), do not by any means atone. They need stand under no apprehension. All we have to say is a word or two about Mdlle. Sessi's performance of Violetta. We may observe, *en passant*, that Violetta is about the easiest part with which to make a tolerable figure in the entire repertory of modern opera. Mdlle. Sessi, nevertheless, makes more than a tolerable figure; and in one or two situations may be said to hold her own against some of her most renowned predecessors. Her general view of the character approaches more nearly to that quiet unobtrusive view adopted by the late Madame Bosio and others than to the, at times, obtrusively "realistic" view of Mdlle. Piccolomini—who, in 1866, under Mr. Lumley's management, first made the English public familiar with the beauties of *La Traviata*. Mdlle. Sessi coughs occasionally, but not over much; nor does she continually endeavour to make the audience aware of the fact that Violetta is under the melancholy affliction of phthisis. Although short in stature, she is somewhat too robust to look the "*traviata*" to the life; and in the last scene it is difficult to regard her as "moribund," notwithstanding her stage "make-up," which is all that the most fastidious could desire. She, at the same time, throws herself heart and soul into the character, and here and there—as, for example, in the scene with Giorgio Germont, by whom Violetta is persuaded to renounce Alfredo for ever, and that in which her immaculate lover casts the money he has won from the Baron Douphol (her temporary protector!) at her feet, as remuneration for her past love—she exhibits far more dramatic talent than we had given her credit for. But Mdlle. Sessi sings the music even better than she acts. There were brilliant points in the first duet with Alfredo, and still more brilliant points in the *cavatina*, more especially in the *cabaletta*—

"Sempre libera deggio
Trasvolare di gioia in gioia"

—where Violetta, throwing off the illusion described so pathetically in the first movement, "Ah forse è lui," vows the remainder of her life to gaiety and pleasure. But best of all, in our opinion, is the plaintive air

of the last scene, "Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti," in which Violetta, having lost, as she imagines, the affections of Alfredo, looks to death for consolation. This was given with such genuine feeling as to merit heartier applause than it obtained. On the whole the new Violetta may be regarded as a success; and when it is remembered that such singers as Madame Bosio and Madame Patti (to name no others) have played the same character on the same boards, this is saying no little. Mdlle. Sessi was repeatedly and warmly applauded, besides being several times called forward. The part of Alfredo was sustained by the versatile Signor Naudin, to whom everything—from Vasco di Gama, in the *Africaine*, downwards—seems to come easy, and who in the music of Verdi is just as much at home as in the music of Meyerbeer; that of the elder Germont, with his supersentimental air, "Di Provenza il mare" (encored, of course), was represented by Signor Graziani as only Signor Graziani can represent it. Mdlle. Locatelli made a charming Flora Bervoix; and Signor Tagliafico a most uncompromising Baron Douphol, just as ready to shoot Alfredo Germont as to lose money to him at cards, and showing, with real dramatic truth, an innate contempt for, perhaps, the most contemptible personage ever depicted in novel or drama. In these subtle distinctions Signor Tagliafico, considering the rank now assigned to him, stands alone. A man who gives life and meaning to comparatively subordinate personages as this gentleman does is rare. It is scarcely necessary to add that the decorations and "*mise-en-scène*" of the *Traviata* are what they have never failed to be at Covent Garden, or that the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Vianesi, were all that could be wished.

The operas performed during the week have been *Guillaume Tell* (Monday); *Il Flauto Magico*—owing to the indisposition of Signor Mario (Tuesday); and *La Traviata* (Thursday). Cherubini's magnificent *Medea*, with Mdlle. Tietjens, naturally, as the heroine, is to be given to-night—for the first time at Covent Garden.

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

"Benefits" are sometimes given on very small provocation. They are, not unfrequently, routine affairs, in which the slightest possible sympathy exists between the person complimented and those who compliment. The benefit concert given in Mr. Manns's name at the Crystal Palace on Saturday had no connection whatever with this class. Between the Crystal Palace conductor and the Crystal Palace audience there is a more than ordinary tie. Each is indebted to the other for favour received or pleasure conferred; and both have at heart a common interest. Saturday's proceedings were, therefore, exactly what they pretended to be, while the crowd drawn together, we may hope, made the "benefit" something more than a benefit in name. Even those who, like ourselves, frequently differ from Mr. Manns on questions of musical faith and practice will be glad of this result. On the whole, he is undoubtedly doing much for music. If proof were wanting, it would be found in the list of works performed during the past winter. The list in question begins with twenty symphonies, of which seven are by Beethoven; Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann contributing two each. Following the symphonies, come fifty-two overtures and orchestral pieces, the composers most largely drawn upon being Mendelssohn (10), Beethoven (6), Weber (5), Mozart (4), and Schubert (4). As showing impartial selection we may place opposite to the works of these masters others by Berlioz, Raff, Reinecke, Rubenstein, and Wagner, which have been presented, let us hope, that the public may, by a knowledge of that which is weak, incline to that which is strong. The concertos and other instrumental solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again heading the lot, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Piatti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one hundred and three works, twenty one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rossini's *Messe Solenne*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. The names just mentioned show that regard has been paid to native talent, and, fairly considered, the entire list must give satisfaction. Anyhow, there is no denying that in the department of orchestral music it stands alone, and claims the highest honours of successful labour. "The Saturday Concerts"—so runs a note at the end of the catalogue—"will recommence on the first Saturday in October next." To lovers of classical music it would be hard to make a more grateful announcement.

In drawing up his programme Mr. Manns was careful to aim at the gratification of varied tastes as far as consistent with his general plan. For the popular taste he provided a selection of vocal music ranging from songs by Schumann downwards. Mdlle. Reboux sang Rode's air with variations and Ardit's valse, "L'Estasi" (both utterly unsuited to her voice and style); Madame Florence Lancia gave "Ardon gl' incensi;" Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard in "Come, ye children," from

Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and two of Schumann's songs (scored for orchestra by Mr. Manns); Signor Urio contributed Mercadante's "Bella adorata;" and Signor Mongini, "M'appari" (encored) and "La donna è mobile." The orchestral music requires more notice. In the first place it was played by an augmented band of 100 performers, and played to perfection. Rarely has such an orchestra been brought together; still more rarely has it been used to such purpose. Next, the works chosen were in great part admirable, wholly interesting. Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspieler Director* led the way, and was dashed off in a style harmonizing with its agreeable and spirited character. The entire opera—a "Comedy with Music" Mozart himself called it—was written with special regard for particular circumstances and particular voices. Therefore it has become obsolete; the overture alone remaining. Nobody fears for this relic, at least till the "future" comes which is to bring the apotheosis of Herr Wagner. Then, not only the overture to *Der Schauspieler Director*, but also much other music will have a place on the upper shelves of dusty libraries. Beethoven's seventh symphony, so often played under Mr. Manns as to be among the works with which his audience are most familiar, calls for neither description nor criticism. In justice, however, we must dwell for a moment upon a performance of more than usual merit. The orchestra rendered the symphony with the precision of a machine, plus the artistic insight which can discern and the artistic power which can express the composer's idea. No more remarkable effort has been made during the season.

Weber's *Concertstück* in E minor, played by Madame Schumann, was a contribution to the popular element in the programme. Everybody knows this much used—often ill-used—work, and a recall for the artist was the certain result, especially as Madame Schumann exhibited all her distinctive qualifications. Bach's violin prelude in E major was given in peculiar and questionable form. Fate has made grim sport of this work. Bach himself adapted it as an organ solo with orchestral accompaniments leading to his anthem, "Wir danken dir, Gott." This was played at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with the solo relegated to the violin. On Saturday the prelude appeared as arranged for a number of violins with new and entirely different accompaniment by Herr Stör. How next, we may ask, will the unfortunate work be treated? By way of comfort, the programme assures us that "nothing can subdue the astonishing vigour and entrain of the original." From this comfort may undoubtedly be derived; nevertheless, we can hardly agree with the policy of playing tricks upon great works simply because their greatness cannot be hidden. Her Stör's version of Bach, though executed with much spirit, produced little effect. Some ballet music (MS.) from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Comacho*, played for the first time in England, was agreeably interesting, and the concert fitly ended with a masterly performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*.

P. M. G.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.

In pursuance of the scheme of instruction in science and art for women, which has for some months been working successfully at the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of a committee of ladies, with the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng as secretary, Mr. Arthur Sullivan commenced the other morning, in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum, a course of twelve lectures on the theory and practice of vocal music, to be continued on successive Tuesdays and Fridays. The object of these lectures is to give some idea, in a concise and comprehensive manner, of the requirements for the practical study of vocal music, with special reference to choral singing. It is intended that the future lectures of this course shall be interspersed with examples of part-songs, to be sung by ladies attending the course. After a pathetic description of the agonies suffered by persons with an educated taste at an ordinary musical party, Mr. Sullivan remarked that, though the study of music was no longer proscribed, as it was by Lord Chesterfield, under a social ban, yet in vocal music we were far behind our ancestors. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was part of the ordinary education of every lady and gentleman to be able to sing a madrigal or roundelay to notes. In the present generation vocal music had not kept pace with instrumental; indeed, singing, as an art, threatened to die out. The public were to blame in the matter; for so long as singers found that with a good voice, including of course a few ringing high notes, or one or two exceptionally low ones, they could command money and fame, they said it was not worth their while to devote themselves to study and hard work. When the public should demand of a singer this cultivation, as they did now of a pianist or violinist, and would be satisfied with nothing else, then singing would

become a fine art again. After an explanation of the different "intervals" in music, Mr. Sullivan remarked that harmony, like many useful and beautiful things, sprang from the monks, whose creation it was, and not a revival of something forgotten or lost. The old Greek music died out; there was no heart in it, but for a time its clumsy nomenclature was retained. Afterwards came the cold unimpassioned solemn Gregorian chants. There was not much heart in these either, but they strangely moved one by their very absence of passion. They were in keeping with the long still aisles in which they were sang, and with the austere lives of the men who sang them. The solemn church song or hymn, which was first sung in one voice only, or in octaves was indeed the basis of music. It was sung without rhythm or time (*in canto fermo*). The monks soon found that certain different sounds sung at the same time had a new and pleasant effect, and they set to work on scientific principles, to develop the science of "counterpoint"—the grammar of part-writing. Mr. Sullivan concluded his introductory lecture by observing that much of the latter part of his discourse was advice to composers rather than singers; but, he added, "to know the cause of an evil is very often to know its cure; and if you come upon a difficult passage to sing, and are able to analyze it, and know exactly what constitutes its difficulty, you will the more easily be able to overcome it. Besides, I have already explained to you that my desire is to sharpen your critical faculties, and make you form a discriminating and appreciative audience. It is better to be a good listener than an indifferent performer. The one assists and advances art; the other retards it." There was a large and attentive audience, almost exclusively composed of ladies.

MUSIC IN PASSION WEEK.

By an invariably late contributor.

The concerts of Passion Week always take their cue from the week itself. Time was when, throughout the six days, theatres were closed, or else given up to oratories, a species of entertainment in connection with which it was the right thing to quote Addison (or Marvell)—

What though in solemn silence all
Roll round this dark terrestrial ball

—and from which we were supposed to come as from a sermon, whereof Addison (or Marvell) is also *à propos*—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

Oratories are gone, but music remains; not that of the spheres, we grant, yet music not bad in its way. The advance of latitudinarianism has not disturbed the dominion of religious art over the most religious week of the year, and just as much as ever oratorios hold their own. On personal grounds, no musical critic will regret this state of things. Passion Week is to him a holy week, in the sense that it brings relief from toil. When the *Messiah* and kindred works are to the fore, he can shut up his note-book and retire. Who wants to be told anything about music as familiar to all as the marriage service to "sweet seventeen," or who is anxious to know how this popular soprano gave "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or that well-known bass declaimed "Why do the nations?" Even if the case were otherwise, at least as regards the music, who could say anything that has not been said a thousand times? For these reasons we shall pass over the *Messiah* performances of last week. Taking all London into consideration, from Exeter Hall with its 700 executants to outlying school-rooms, where scratch companies give the sacred oratorio "for a charitable purpose," those performances were legion, and an exhaustive list would not be less surprising than instructive. At all events, it would prove the extraordinary popularity of Handel's masterpiece—a popularity so great as to be one of the curiosities of art.

But Passion Week did not leave us quite destitute of topics. Two series of classical concerts ended respectively on the first and last of the six days, and will only be resumed when the winter approaches. Unconsciously, it would appear, human arrangements help Nature in her grand work of compensation. "The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the nightingale is heard in the land." We are all glad of it, and look forward to the enjoyment of nature's music with keen anticipation. Whereupon, the

"Monday Populars," and the "Crystal Palace Saturdays" retire, as the aurora disappears from the Arctic sky when the long Arctic day sets in. True, we shall have music still with us, but for the most part, of the bee or the bird order, and therefore quite appropriate to the time. The little toiler which

Gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,

has its representatives in the givers of benefit concerts, whose season is close at hand. These, with their keen eyes for eligible families—probable ticket buyers—and their sensitive appreciation of every opening for an extended "connection," will soon swarm forth. Their long dreary concerts will again be attended by languid ladies, and the artists who are always giving their services on such occasions, will again practise "bolting" from the feeble rustle of silks which does duty for applause. Happily, there will come bird music also. The "nightingales" and other songsters of passage may be expected to warble their strains amid the sunshine of the Crystal Palace transept—strains the value of which rests upon their fitness for the time and place. On the whole we cannot complain of these arrangements. Some among us may regret that classical music ever gives way to that which is ephemeral, but the change works well.

April 23, 1870.

T. E.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kennedy, the famous exponent of Scottish Songs, gave the first of seven entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday last, to a large and appreciative audience. He was assisted by Miss Kennedy, whose performance of a selection of reels and strathspeys varied the proceedings in a most agreeable manner. Mr. Kennedy's first part contained such popular ballads as "Callie Herrin," "Auld Robin Gray," "Green Grow the Rashes O," and "Wha had na fecht for Charlie;" while the second was not less distinguished by the presence of "My Nannie O," "Johnny Cope," and "Auld Lang Syne." To say how these songs and others were given is entirely superfluous. Enough that the audience waxed enthusiastic, and applauded the singer with might and main. Between the parts Mr. Kennedy recited Wilson's "Watty and Meg" with excellent effect. The entertainment will be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in next week.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—By the reports and articles on our interview with the Chief Commissioner of Works, the public would infer that the Band Committee had all along been prohibited from playing "dance music" as one of the conditions on which we held the management. While we have been in communication with every Chief Commissioner since 1856, it was not until Mr. Ayrton's letter, April 11, that any conditions, prohibitions, or complaints from frequenters of the parks were ever breathed to us. In taking the place of the military bands, our programmes were framed as closely as possible on theirs, and fourteen years' experience has confirmed the good judgment of alternating marches and selections with quadrilles, bringing together the national melodies. Of these (the salt to the programme) the people are to be deprived, in favour of, as Mr. Ayrton suggests, any other light and cheerful music not "dance." The transference of Regent's Park from the committee to a private individual had occasioned interviews with Mr. Layard while Chief Commissioner, whose word was given to reconsider it. On Mr. Ayrton taking office this fact was communicated to him, a correspondence followed, and previous to our deputation a memorial signed by the committees of the three parks forwarded. We did not give ourselves the title of "trustees of the people," but set forth that the band committees were appointed at public meetings held in all parts of London on the stoppage of the military bands, and that the several Governments have since recognized the functions of the executive.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. M. MORRELL, Hon. Sec.

National Sunday League, 256, High Holborn,
April 15.

THE Festival at Bonn, on the Rhine, in celebration of the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, is to be held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September—conductor, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The orchestral rehearsals commence on the 9th of September.

Mr. W. D. HALL, from St. John the Divine's, Fairfield, has been appointed organist to the Church and Schools for the Blind, Liverpool; and Mr. James J. Monk (College of Organists), from St. John's Waterloo, has been appointed organist to St. Philip's, Liverpool.

WAIFS.

Mr. Gye has returned from Paris.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, whose assiduous and successful cultivation of Russian literature is well known, proposes to give, at four in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of May, the first of what we hope may be a long series of "Recitals" derived from Russian legends and tales. No charitable institution is to be benefited; no money to be taken at the doors; admission on presentation of card at the doors of St. George's Hall, Regent Street. *Zisn za Tsaria!*

Madame Adelina Patti is to make her first appearance this season, with Signor Mario, in the *Barbiere*, on Thursday. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca appears on the Tuesday following (in *Faust*).

M. T. Lotto, the violinist, has arrived in London—it may be presumed for the musical spring and summer season. He was last heard, years since, at the Monday Popular Concerts.

No less a personage than M. Offenbach himself was present during the first performance of the *Princess of Trebizonde*, at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr. Oberthur's overture, *Ruberzahl*, has been arranged for military band by Mr. Kappy, bandmaster of the Royal Marines (Chatham division), and will be performed at the *conversazione* at the South Kensington Museum, May 4th. The overture has also recently been played at one of the "Musician's Concerts" in Nuremberg, where at the same time the author played his concertino for harp and orchestra.

"Aristocratic composers (says the *Choir*) are coming to the front on the Continent. To the names of the Comtesse de Grandval and the Baroness de Maistre must now be added that of the Comtesse Ferrière-Pillé, whose first opera was performed at her hotel last week by some of the chief artists in Paris. The work, entitled *La Dryade*, was listened to by a distinguished circle, including M. Perrin, M. Carvalho, and M. Victor Massé. The orchestra of the Theatre Italien and the chorus of the Conservatoire were engaged for the occasion."

The production of two versions of *Frou-Frou* and legal proceedings before the Vice-Chancellor have rendered that "comedy-drama" familiar in every mouth. The St. James's version is not authorized by MM. Meilhac and Halévy; the Olympia has been prepared under their sanction. The splendid dresses which now take the place once occupied by upholstery, as the foundation of managerial hopes, are in both cases all that could be desired; the scenery at the St. James's, however, is old and faded—that of the Olympia bright and for the occasion. How many more *Frou-Frous* shall we expect?

REVIEWS.

We have received the following letter from the gentleman who undertakes the duty of reviewing new music in our columns:—

"To the Editor of the 'Musical World.'"

"SIR,—I have unwittingly done an injustice to Madame Oury. The 'Twilight' piece to which my remarks applied was by ———.* But, in the hurry of writing, another by Mme. Oury being before me, I put the saddle on the wrong horse, which, a glance at the two title pages would have saved me from doing. About Madame Oury's new *nocturne* I wrote quite in another strain—as by this time you must know. I am sure you will print this, in justice to Madame Oury, and to

YOUR REVIEWER."

* It is only fair to give the author of the other "Twilight" piece the benefit of the accident, by not publishing his name. Our reviewer will have the opportunity of taking his revenge. Another time he will carefully inspect title pages.

"To the Editor of the 'Musical World.'"

DEAR SIR,—I read with satisfaction a small paragraph in your impression of last week relative to the performance of *L'Africaine* at Dantzic. Until Meyerbeer is better understood the prejudice will continue to exist that the merit of his operas chiefly depends on the subject and *mise-en-scène*. Take for instance the *Huguenots*; in the great duet between Valentine and Marcel, the septet in the duel scene, the "complot," the magnificent duet between Valentine and Raoul—is the music depending on scenic effects?—if so, where are they? It is, on the contrary, in my humble opinion, the gorgeous display of scenery, etc., etc., that prevents the full appreciation of the corresponding splendid music. A master like Meyerbeer, who has always chosen grand noble subjects for his operas, must have been possessed of extensive musical means and genius to cope with such exacting subjects.

Let us hope that the promised performance of *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden will be met this time with a little more due appreciation than hitherto. Hoping you will excuse this little intrusion, I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

O. L.

London, 26th April, 1870.

May.

(From "Life Lyrics," by ELIZA F. MORRIS.)

Come let us dance and sing,
 'Tis the merry, merry spring;
 See, the earth in joy and gladness is smiling everywhere:
 Now the fields put on their green,
 And they glitter in the sheen
 Of the bright and pleasant sunbeams that sparkle through the air.

There's music in the breeze,
 As it sighs among the trees,
 And sets the buds awaking from their long, long wintry sleep;
 And in the little rill,
 As it dances down the hill,
 And seems to laugh for gladness at every bounding leap.

There's beauty all around,
 On the blossom-spangled ground,
 Where the buttercups and cowslips in golden clusters lie;
 And in the changeable hue
 Of the silver and the blue,
 As they float in graceful fancies across the clear, broad sky.

There's gladness in the song
 Of the little joyous throng,
 That fill the woods with music in the charming month of May;
 And in the noisy shout
 As the children trip about,
 And dance beneath the garland with a merry roundelay.

Hark! how the echoes ring
 With the melodies of spring;
 The cawing, warbling, bleating, how they charm the listening ear!
 Come, and let us all be gay;
 Let us sing and dance and play;
 'Tis the month of joy and beauty—the birth-day of the year.

Bonn.—Thanks to the exertions, and, likewise, the munificence of Herr Kullmann, a member of the Town-Council here, the Mozart Library, formerly belonging to the late Professor Otto Jahn, has been secured for the Royal Library, Berlin. The local public consider the prices fetched very satisfactory. The 489 lots (historical department), constituting the first day's sale, went for 625 thalers. The highest prices were obtained by Burney's *History* (a fine copy), 28 thalers; Matheson's *Ehrenpforte* (now exceedingly rare), 31 thalers; and Winters' *Evangelischer Kirchengesang*, 26 thalers. The manuscripts, on the other hand, went for comparatively little. The 263 copies of Beethoven's Letters fetched 15 thalers; Haydn's Letters, 16 thalers; the valuable Mozart Correspondence, 29 thalers; and the copy of Mozart's *Biography*, corrected by Sonnleithner, and enriched with additional matter, 12 thalers.—The programme for the grand Beethoven Festival, at the end of August, or the beginning of September, is now definitely arranged, at least as far as regards the principal works, which will be as follow:—*Missa Solemnis*; C minor Symphony; *Eroica*, Ninth Symphony; Overture No. 3 to *Leonore*; E flat major Concerto, for Pianoforte; Violin Concerto; and overtures to *Egmont* and *Coriolanus*. As already announced, Herr Ferdinand Hiller will be the chief conductor. The second conductor will be Herr Wasielewski.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HAMMOND & Co.—"Violet Bloom," Idyll, by T. Oesten; "Feuer Klänge," "Les Adieux," and "Casino Tanze," waltzes, by Joseph Gung'l; "Fantasia," quadrilles and waltzes, by P. Hertel; and "Am Schönen Rhein," waltzes, by Keler Bcla.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

And may be obtained of Signor FERRARI, at his residence, 32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

MIDDLE FLORA CRIVELLI will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's waltz-aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, for the benefit of the Kilburn Literary Institution.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on Tuesday next, at St. George's Hall; and with Signora Mocca and Mr. F. Penna, "I NAVIGANTI."

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This popular romance will be sung at Blackheath Assembly Rooms on the 11th of May, by Mr. Alfred Baylis; and on the 17th he will also sing it at his first Matinée, to be given at his Residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MISS LILY SIMESTER, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, and Mr. FOX, will sing RANDEGGER's popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Lily Simester's Concert, Manor Rooms, Hackney, Tuesday, 10th May.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing BENEDICT's new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at the Vestry Hall, Cranbrook, May 5th.

MRS. ALFRED J. SUTTON and Mr. MONTEM SMITH will sing A. J. Sutton's duet, "VOICES," at West Bromwich, on Tuesday next, May 3rd.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new scene, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, and Hanover Square Rooms, May 23th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ, Mr. ALFRED BAYLIS, and Mr. H. VINNING, will sing "I NAVIGANTI," at Black heath (Mr. A. Baylis's Concert), on the 11th of May.

TO MUSICSELLERS.—A Young Lady requires a Situation, can play the Piano, and thoroughly understands the business. For References, apply to present Employer, J. F., Music Warehouse, 7, London Street, Greenwich.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
 PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.
 LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

MR. JULES BENEDICT'S NEW SONGS, &c.

THE following Compositions by the accomplished Pupil of C. M. Von WEBER have been acknowledged by the Musical Profession and General Public to combine every requisite to ensure to the Vocalist a Classical Style and a Correct Taste for the Art, whilst the popularity of some of them has rarely, if ever, been excelled. The leading singers of the present day have sung them at the Musical Festivals, Concerts, etc., where they have been received with the utmost favour and delight.

	Poetry by	s. d.
LITTLE WILLIE	LOUISA GRAY	3 0
NOW THE SHADES GROW DEEPER	JOHN OXENFORD	3 0
THE ECHO SONG (sung by Madame Adeline Patti)		3 0
THE PARTING (La Partenza)	WELLINGTON GUERNSEY	3 0
LE CARNEVALE DE VENISE (with Variations)	ITALIAN WORDS	3 0
SIGHING FOR THEE	WELLINGTON GUERNSEY	3 0
WHEN MY THIRSTY SOUL (Mr. Santley's great song)	THOMAS MOORE	4 0
MINE, THOU ART MINE (composed for Clara Doria)	WELLINGTON GUERNSEY	3 0
ROCK ME TO SLEEP, in F and E flat (Edith Wynne's great ballad)	FLORENCE PERCY	4 0
WHY ART THOU SADDENED? (And the Answer to it)	WELLINGTON GUERNSEY	4 0

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"PLEIN DE DOUTE."

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

By BERNARD FAREBROTHER.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Gisl, Persiani Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

A STRINGENT LOZENGES OF THE RED GUM

OF AUSTRALIA.—For Relaxed Throat, in Bottles, 2s. MURIATE OF AMMONIA LOZENGES, in Bottles, 2s. Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the phlegm and preventing violent fits of coughing. P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Chemists on the Establishment in Ordinary to the Queen. Gazetted August 5th, 1837—December 31st, 1867, 277, Oxford Street, London.

Now Published,
"SUNSHINE,"

MARSHALL HALL BELL'S NEW SONG.

"SUNSHINE" was rapturously encored when sung at the composer's concert by Miss Robertine Henderson, and is published, price 3s., by
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Just Published,
 DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND AND MASTER, Z. BUCK, ESQ., MUS. DOC.

"FAREWELL,"

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. H. EGGERTON MINNS, the Words by LORD BYRON.

The Music by **GEORGE GAFF.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, Composed by **GEORGE GAFF,**

"MAIDEN, WRAP THY MANTLE ROUND THEE."

POETRY BY KIRKE WHITE.

Just Published,
TARANTELLÉ,

POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

Par **PAUL SEMLER.**

Prix 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,
"O LADY, TWINE NO WREATH FOR ME."

SONG.

The Poetry by **SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

The Music by **W. FRIEDRICH.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,
"LANDLER WALTZ,"

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by **PAUL SEMLER.**

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,
"THE WEE PET."

MAZURKA, FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by **LOUISE WIESE.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECE BY HERMANN EISOLDT.

"BRIDAL BELLS"

(MORCEAU DE SALON),

For the Pianoforte, by **HERMANN EISOLDT.**

We read in the *Dresden Journal*:—"Hermann Eisoldt's 'Bridal Bells' was beautifully performed by the splendid Orchestra of Herr Music-Director Trenkler, and met with great applause. The piece being very melodious is sure to become popular." Published, price 4s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW SONG,
"OVER THE ROLLING SEA,"

Composed by **E. REYLOFF.**

INTRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE SATURDAY EVENING
 CONCERTS, EXETER HALL.

Price 3s.

London: CRAMER & Co., Limited, 201, Regent Street, W.

Now ready,
"MEDEA,"

SCENA ED ARIA FOR SOPRANO.

Sung by Madame Rudersdorf at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, and by Mlle Tietjens, at the Norwich Festival.

Composed by **ALBERTO RANDEGGER.**

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 24 Regent Street, W.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Just Published,

6 PIECES FOR PIANO,

BY

JOHANNES WINKELHAUS.

The Publishers feel great pleasure in submitting Herr WINKELHAUS'S Six New Pieces to the notice of the Professor and Amateur. To the Professor they will prove a great relief from the monotonous arrangements which have for so long a time taken the place of a better style of music. To the Amateur they will be acceptable as the means of displaying a considerable amount of execution without the labour required for pieces of a difficult character.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

(VICTORIA REGINA).

Is brilliantly and gracefully arranged, without being trying to a moderately advanced performer, the air is never lost sight of, and the piece is evidently by a composer of taste and experience.

"CASCADE DE PERLES."

A very elegant melody set off by passages which, while full of refinement and beauty, are completely under the hand, and consequently adapted to the means of players who combine taste with good execution.

"APOLLO AND THE NYMPHS."

Recommends itself to our notice for its characteristic simplicity and beauty. It cannot fail to please.

"CASTA DIVA AND MARCH."

(NORMA.)

These delightful subjects have never received better treatment than at the hands of Herr Winkelhaus.

"I PURITANI."

In this transcription, as in the one from *Norma*, Herr Winkelhaus gives us another proof of his facility in writing passages which are brilliant and effective, without being difficult.

"HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED."

One of the loveliest of Irish melodies, arranged with consummate skill.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS EACH.

LONDON:

DUFF & STEWART,

147, OXFORD STREET,
 (OPPOSITE BOND STREET).

Great success at the Lyceum Theatre of

HERVÉ'S OPÉRA BOUFFE, "LE PETIT FAUST"

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

The Opera complete for pianoforte solo	s. d.
The Overture-Valse. Arranged by Hervé	7 0
Do. do. (easy arrangement). By H. Valiquet	6 0
Polka-Entr'acte. Par Philippe Stutz...	5 0
Deux Petites Fantaisies. By J. L. Battmann	each	4 6
Le Petit Faust, pot-pourri sur les motifs favoris. By F. Brisler	5 0
Le Petit Faust, Souvenirs par D. Croisez	7 6
"Les Quatre Saisons." Idylle. Transcription variée. Par C. Hoffmann	5 0
"Les Trois Chœurs." Polka du jardin. Par A. Mey	5 0
"Méphisto." Polka-Mazurka. Par E. Ettling	4 6

SIX EASY PIECES.

No. 1. Couplets du Guerrier Valentin. Par F. Wachs	2 6
2. Tyrolienne de Marguerite	2 6
3. Couplets du jardin	2 6
4. Rondo-valso de Méphisto	2 0
5. Polka des Trois Chœurs	2 0
6. Chanson du Satrape	2 6

DANCE MUSIC.

Le Petit Faust Quadrille. By Strauss	4 6
Do. do. Piano Duet	4 6
Do. Deuxième Quadrille. By Arban	4 6
Do. Quadrille. Facile. Par H. Valiquet	4 6
Le Petit Faust Valses. Par Olivier Metra	6 0

PIANO AND VIOLIN.

Idylle des Quatre Saisons. Méditation pour Violon et Piano. Par Bernardin	5 0
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

EDITIONS DE HEUGEL & CIE., PARIS.

LONDON :

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET, W.,

Where may be obtained

LE PETIT FAUST,

COMPLETE FOR VOICE AND PIANO (With French Words),

PRICE 12s.

And all the separate Songs, Duets, &c. from same Opera (with French Words).

Now Ready,

SYDNEY SMITH'S METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

"There are features in this work of uncommon merit, but we shall say enough if we recommend it unreservedly to all who seek a manual of instruction well arranged, intelligible, and effective."
—*Musical World*, April 23.

LONDON :

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
HANOVER SQUARE.

CHAPPELL'S Organ Journal

CONSISTING OF

FAVOURITE MOVEMENTS SELECTED FROM
THE WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS,

ARRANGED FOR

THE ORGAN,

WITH PEDAL OBLIGATO,

BY THE

MOST EMINENT ORGANISTS.

	COMPOSER.	ARRANGER.
No. 1. SANCTUS from "Mass".....	Rossini.....	Dr. Spark.
2. DOMINE DEUS Do. Do. Do.		
3. GRATIAS AGIMUS Do. Do. Do.		
4. CRUCIFIXUS Do. Do. Do.		
5. ADAGIO NON TROPPO.....	Mendelssohn.....	G. Cooper.
6. ANDANTE from String Quartett.....	Mozart.....	Geo. R. Griffiths.

(To be continued.)

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS EACH.

THE ORGANIST'S PORTFOLIO:

A SELECTION OF

Opening and Concluding Voluntaries

BY THE

MOST CELEBRATED COMPOSERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

ADAPTED CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF AMATEURS BY

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

Each Number contains from 7 to 12 favourite Voluntaries, including one arranged expressly with Pedal Obligato.

Nos. 1 to 24 are now ready, price 3s. each; or in four Volumes, each containing Six Numbers, and bound in Cloth, price 12s. each.

A THEMATIC LIST OF CONTENTS

MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO

CHAPPELL & CO.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

TITO MATTEI'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL COMPOSITIONS.

	SOLO.	DUET.
Grande Valse	5 0	6 0
Seconde Valse (Bouquet de Fleurs)	5 0	...
I Puritani (Grand Fantasia)	6 0	...
Pas de Charge (Morceau de Salon)	4 0	...
Il tramonto del Sole	4 0	...
Il folletto (Galop de Concert)	4 0	...
Un Sogno d'Amore (Nocturne)	4 0	...
Addio del Passato (de Verdi) Transcription variée ...	4 0	...
Una notte d'Estate (Nocturne)	4 0	...
Etude de Concert	5 0	...
Dancing Leaves	4 0	...
Mergellina (Barcarole)	4 0	...
La Harpe (Romance)	4 0	...
Souvenir d'Italie (Nocturne)	4 0	...
La Gaité (Scherzo)	3 0	...
The Fairy's Reverie	4 0	...
La Mandoline (Etude Caractéristique)	4 0	...
Oh dear, what can the matter be (Transcribed)	4 0	...
Quadrille Brillante (for Piano). 1st Set	4 0	4 0
9/8 Waltz	4 0	...
Non è ver (Brilliantly Transcribed)	4 0	...
Bloom is on the Rye (Brilliantly Transcribed)	4 0	...
Marche Orientale (Bottesini) (Brilliantly Transcribed) ..	4 0	...
Orphée aux Enfers (Divertissement)	6 0
Vaillance (Fantasie Polka)	4 0	4 0
Eco di Napoli (Tarantella Bevilgnani)	5 0
Une Perle (Morceau de Salon)	4 0	...
Le Nid et la Rose (Melodie). Just published	4 0	...
Galop de Concert (Le Bearnais). Just published	5 0	...

VOCAL MUSIC.

Never more ("Non è ver), with English and French Words	4 0	...
Non è ver (Romanza). Sung by Signori Ciabatta e Caravoglia	4 0	...
Non torno (Romanza). Sung by Signori Ciabatta e Caravoglia	4 0	...
Lo scapato. Sung by Mr. Santley	4 0	...
Dèh Parla (Romanza)	4 0	...
Io la Perdei (Romanza)	4 0	...
Tornèra (Romanza)	4 0	...
Ma cosa vuoi da me (Canzonetta)	4 0	...
Vo Danzar (Valzer). Sung by Mlle. Carlotta Patti ..	5 0	...
La Pesca (Canzone). Sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas ...	4 0	...
Mergellina. Sung by Signor Stagno	4 0	...
Il farfallone. Sung by Signor Ferranti	4 0	...
Un Rosajo (Romanza). Sung by Signor Cotogni	4 0	...
Niente per Forza (Canzonetta)	4 0	...

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.